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SLOW GROWTH.

The spring is late; and yet the leaf-buds press
Their green against this chill environment
With slow persistency and sure intent,
Till tree by tree gains faint suggestiveness
Of foliage to come. With such brave stress
Life makes its way against all forces bent
To keep it latent; each great good, long pent,
Meets ill conditions—squalor, wretchedness,
Dull ignorance, or keen-edged knavery—
And pushes back what seems the universe,
To claim a blessing for mankind; then see!
Dark evils break and run, and swift disperse,
When at the last God's purpose wins its way,
As sunshine, birds, and bloom possess the May.

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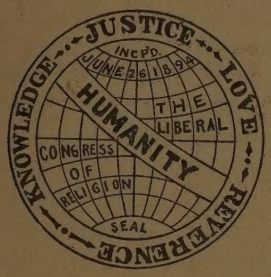
THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME V. THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1897. NUMBER 11.



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future. —*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

A robin-redbreast in a cage
Puts all heaven in a rage.

* * *

A horse misused upon the road
Calls to heaven for human blood.

* * *

Each outcry of the hunted hare
A fiber from the brain doth tear;
A skylark wounded on the wing
Doth make a cherub cease to sing.

* * *

He who shall hunt the little wren
Shall never be beloved by men.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

A timely suggestion to the administrative powers of India under the present double strain of famine and pestilence comes from the words of Sir Auckland Colvin, who met the rioters of Benares during the sixties, who opposed the introduction of water-works on religious grounds, fearing that it would be a blow against a caste season, with the following words:

"The day is past when with impunity the civilized world of Europe and America will permit cholera and death to be foisted upon them, which is generated and nursed in the filth of Benares, in the name of religion. Even though religious sensibilities be disturbed and violated, civilization counts the health and life of individuals of first and paramount importance; and the duty of the English government to the rest of the world is plain and clear, and will be performed at all hazard and cost."

The way of the sectarian is getting to be harder and harder. The difficulties of preserving intact denominational and ecclesiastical lines are growing daily. Poor Queen Victoria is threatened with the necessity of facing this question. The Episcopalians, by virtue of their establishment, have decided to monopolize all the religious services and privileges of the great jubilee. Dissenting sects are preparing to present a memorial to the Queen, having already failed to secure favorable consideration at the hands of the Home Secretary, the Lord Chancellor, or the Dean and Chapters of St. Paul. Meetings are being held and protests signed. The United States authorities have recently met the same question in another form, and have settled it in a wiser way. Authority has been granted to the Catholic Church to erect a chapel on government grounds in the neighborhood of the West Point Military Academy. Protest was made by some Protestants, to which the government authorities promptly replied: "You will be guaranteed the same privilege, if you so desire." This is not only good statesmanship, but it is high religion. It is no longer a question of this sect or that, this religion or that, but it is a question of hospitality to all forms of religion, knowing that in their essence they are one, and in their ultimate purpose they are one. The denominational "we" withers and shrivels in the thought of the common humanity and the common interests. In our schools and our governments the position which was made a necessity under the reign of dogmatism, of wholesale exclusion, is giving way to the diviner position of wholesale inclusion under the reign of morals and the inspiration of ethics.

Four or five years ago Dr. Carus introduced to us a most remarkable book of a very remarkable man — "The Lost Manuscript," by Gustav Freytag. It is indeed one of the greatest novels ever produced; and should do much to restore to favor among thinkers that terribly abused department of literature. Recently, through the *Open Court*, and now in a beautiful bound volume, the same publisher has given another work of the same author, "Martin Luther." Freytag has touched one notch higher than Auerbach and Fritz Reuter. He is not a novelist only, but a true historian, and what he writes is charged with the philosophy of history. The story of Luther's development and involuntary passage over to protesting is told admirably. The vote of the church, whose authorities have sold themselves to plunder, keenly reminds us of the political rot when, in 1874, the highest authorities of our republic were involved in a ring to plunder the people to sustain party. That the Catholic Church deserves to be called corrupt is not true, but its authorities, at the opening of the sixteenth century, were shame-

lessly debauched. The real meaning of the work of Luther was the restoration and exaltation of honesty. Out of the struggle grew the creation of nationalism and individualism—two results impossible to overestimate—the rights of peoples to organize religiously as well as politically, and the right of each man to stand before God for himself. Then, it was Luther also who made the grit and glory of the German nation.

The State and Its Relation to Famines.

We have spoken, in our Liberal Field, of the recent India meetings held in Chicago. The success of this campaign of the *Christian Herald* will perplex some of our readers. With its methods and spirit and chief message bearer, Dr. Talmage, we have not much in common. They represent, to our mind, much inflated rhetoric and superficial emotion, but when their ship-loads of corn leave both the Pacific and Atlantic coasts to the relief of eighty million human beings starving in India, they will have accented a humanitarian gospel and illustrated a piety such as satisfy both the philosopher and the saint. The corn in the hold will prove a commentary on the Christian phrases and Bible texts that will be most clarifying. The Christianity India needs is the Christianity that has made common cause with the plan that is in league with irrigation, rotation of crops, the wise and humane use, rather than the inadequate and oftentimes cruel and superstitious adoration, of animal life. Perhaps Carlyle was a little premature in pronouncing every sick man a rascal, but the time is certainly coming when in the same sense the intelligent will recognize that an actual famine is a disgrace. It is an arraignment of civilization; it is a reflection upon the competent. India is a part of the British kingdom; that imperial domain groans under its wealth; incalculable are its resources of money; and if a great war was pending, England would promptly be able to pour into the channels of both that which would feed a continent. This calamity that has overtaken India is a military emergency which calls for governmental interference. An enemy is laying low its people and devastating its territory. Some day we will arrive at that ethical clearness which will pronounce the disgrace and infamy of a government that keeps its ironclad fleets lolling indolently in the waters of the world, waiting for war, while its own subjects are piteously begging for that dole of charity that will keep life in the body, at the rate of one penny a day. It is estimated that a life can be sustained for a month with a bushel of corn, and that a bushel of corn can be bought for fifteen cents, and the American government has ordered at least one vessel to this transporting service free of charge. If the burdens of British India are greater than Great Britain is able to bear, then it is a case for international action. The governments of the world ought to be promptly appealed to, and we believe they would as promptly respond to take part in feeding these uncounted starvelings, the mute, the helpless, imbecile children of caste and of superstition,—there may be eighty or a hundred million of them. Where are the great statesmen in this emergency? What is the "Foreign Office" at London doing? What is the State Department of the United States doing? Let no one speak slightingly of Talmage, in this connection at least, while these competent and high officials so complacently throw upon his shoulders the mean task of begging a few thousand bushels of corn, when the abundant plenty of the mighty government ought to be exhausted before its citizens be allowed to starve under the conditions of drought and plague. There are times when financial competency is a crime; there may be a time when the boasted infallibility of the Bank of England should be tested, and perhaps its solvency become a disgrace.

Who Will Count the Birds?

So persuaded are we that the question of the use of the plumage of birds for decorative purposes is a profound economic problem, as well as a humanitarian one, and so anxious are we to keep our readers informed and alert on this matter, that the following letters, both of them written with no intention of publication, we trust are of sufficient importance to justify their publication. Miss Clarke, worthy daughter of her illustrious father, James Freeman Clarke, has taken up this problem in dead earnest. For this reason the editor of this paper, in a moment of anxiety and discouragement, ventured to write the letter:

April 28, 1897.

Miss Lillian F. Clarke, Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts.

Dear Miss Clarke,—I cannot resist the temptation of sending a bit of good-fellowship across the distances to you in your missionary work for the bird. In all my ministry I have never felt so nonplussed and apparently discouraged as I have in this war against the bird in the hat. It must be a dozen years or more since we began this work, and still the trade is steadily on the increase.* We must begin lower down—begin with the children. One difficulty in our warfare is the lack of definite and conclusive figures on the subject. The bird-wearer does not and will not realize the magnitude of the problem in its statistical and economic bearing. I have had correspondence with the biological division of the Agricultural Department at Washington concerning the matter. The department feels the difficulty and is very sympathetic, but it has no money with which to prosecute such an inquiry. The figures ought to come from that or some other equally reliable department. I am off here alone, remote from money and influence for this kind of thing. Is there anything that can be done toward a careful and authentic accumulation of figures setting forth the extent, nature and field of the bird feather trade? Probably some scientific man or woman working with adequate authority and wise direction for six months could accumulate a body of figures that would be startling and persuasive. Perhaps our own Carroll D. Wright, of the Statistic Bureau, might tell us how or even lead the way. I am sure you will not consider this letter an intrusion

* The First "Bird Number" of Unity was issued April 17, 1886.

and that you will accept it as a token of fellowship, if nothing else, in our common work. Brotherly yours,

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS., May 4, 1897.

DEAR MR. JONES,—I feel something as you do about the bird mission, but yet I am a little more encouraged than you are; or rather I am both encouraged and discouraged. The encouragement comes from knowing of so many people who have really changed when they received information, showing that they really did not understand the matter, and were capable of conversion. But then, it is discouraging to see all the plumage yet worn, notwithstanding all that has been said and done. Mrs. Cleveland, the director of the Woman's Alliance for Rhode Island, is connected with the Rhode Island Humane Society, and she asked me to put an article on the egret heron into the "Cheerful Letter." I thought that would do but little good, and concocted a better plan. We wrote a personal note to the secretary of nearly every alliance branch, asking her to send for 100 (or more) egret leaflets, and place one in the hand of every woman in the society; and, if possible, ask some one else to do the same, in another church in the same town. We inclosed a specimen leaflet. We had very encouraging answers. One branch sent for 900 leaflets instead of 100, and that secretary wrote to me: 'We are shocked to think we should have ever worn an aigrette." One secretary wrote me she would see some one in every church society in her town (and there were thirteen), and try to interest them to do what we were doing. I had a good many answers like this. After this, we sent a note to a great many ministers of other denominations in Massachusetts, asking them to place the egret leaflet in the hands of some one in their society who would do what we were doing in ours, and we had very good answers from many of these. We could not write to every minister, even though the notes after a time had to be printed in typewriter character, but we wrote to a great many, and I think it did do some good. But notwithstanding all the stories I have heard of women taking plumes out of their bonnets and burning them up, and other things that show real feeling, there is enough left to be quite heartbreaking. The article in the last *Ladies' Home Journal* is the worst thing I have seen in print, and I wish some very strong person would take it up. I thought the figures had been given. I have seen some frightful statements, running up into the millions, but I will see if I can find out if there is a leaflet on this point (statistical). I have written to other people in other states to try to get them to do something like what we have done in Massachusetts, but without much success. Of course the Audubon Society does some good, but we need the help of every one who can give personal attention, and really work for the poor birds. I am truly glad to hear of every one who feels interested in the subject.

Cordially yours, L. FREEMAN CLARKE.

With the above correspondence at hand, we again ask, Where is the money that will enable a competent man to probe this problem to the bottom, gather the statistics, national and international, from competent authorities, that the world may know where these birds are coming from, how many of them are destroyed, and who are the destroyers? If somebody will find us the $1,500 and expenses, THE NEW UNITY will undertake to find the competent man who will devote a year's time in search of these figures, traveling, if need be, across the seas to gather the latest and most reliable figures.

While writing the above, the following clipping from an exchange falls under our eye: "The San Francisco *Call* tells of three brothers who have just returned from Madelaine Bay of lower California with $7,000 worth of feathers, aigrette feathers being worth $32 a pound; other cheaper feathers, from $5 to $6 a pound." The item conveys the further information that this is a new find; that seven states in Mexico have been devastated during the last three or four years, so that birds are scarce, and also that the McCutcheon brothers refuse to go into details as to their mode of taking the feathers. They use their guns along shore and out in the bay, employing native hunters as it seems advantageous. Who will start a fund to appoint a statistical secretary of the feather trade? If he could be associated with the government department at Washington and work under the direction of our government statisticians, it would be all the more effective.

The Western Unitarian Anniversaries.

The meetings at Unity Church last week were fairly attended, and the programme was carried out as printed without any serious omissions or disappointments. Through the generosity of the secretary, who threw off five hundred dollars of his salary, and the foresight of the committee at its last annual meeting in doing what it had neglected to do for the preceding two or three sessions,—securing the expenses by guaranty pledges,—the conference came in with bills paid and the promised reduction of five hundred dollars on the debt of the conference realized. The conference meetings were harmonious, but the harmony was a harmony secured by elisions and omissions. Great questions, either of thought or of organizations, social and religious, remained untouched, and the conference bent itself to the more definite work of denominational building. The sectarian pronouns, "we" and "ours," dropped so glibly from the lips of nearly all who spoke, that it gave one acquainted with the traditions of the Western Conference a strange feeling of reaction; indeed, so far as the conference had a thought life, it was all concerning denominational carpentry based on the purpose to magnify the "Unitarian" "we," and to build up the "Unitarian" denomination. In 1886, at Cincinnati, this passion for definite results and for organic competency led some to make a bold stand for the words, "Christian" and "Christianity," to be used in some way as a rim to the fellowship of the conference as a measure of its membership, hoping thereby to secure greater "potency." At that time the Western Conference, wary of the danger, stood up and stood out, defeated the effort, and wore out that clamor. Five years ago, in 1892, a reactionary wave set in again in the interest of "organization," making the word "Unitarian," in its denominational sense in some way or another the standard of measurement and the test of efficiency. This reactionary wave, more subtle than the one at Cincinnati, made more headway, and for the time being has triumphed. Perhaps it reached its altitude last week at Unity Church. The task is a definite, tangible, and a perfectly legitimate

one, but it is not the task which the Western Conference, in its heroic years, accepted as its own; it is not a continuation of the message of Theodore Parker, in whose name a large part of the endowment fund was raised. Of course, under the dominancy of this thought, great utterances and the discussion of high themes were not in order or perhaps desirable. From the opening sermon to the closing benediction, the appeal was for "Unitarianism," and probably most of the delegates returned encouraged, hopeful certainly, with the advantage of a definite task before them. In this task the conference, by its official actions, recognized the inadequacy of THE NEW UNITY to help, and one of the things "pushed" was the "denominational paper," the special "organ" of this denominational movement in the West. This age is a legitimate experiment, and the conference has a free field before it. Those who in the time past loved to insist that Unitarianism was a movement and not a sect,— an inspiration tending toward the unity of differing denominations and the harmony of opposing theologies, rather than the triumph of an anti-Trinitarian theology,—have either been replaced by the subtle changes of time by those who are denominationalists, or have wearied of the hard and difficult way of the prophet, or perhaps in their magnanimity and the profundity of their faith have lapsed into silence, content to abide the grinding of God's slow but sure mills. THE NEW UNITY will continue in the future, as in the past, to report as fully as it can the activities and triumphs of the "Unitarian denomination" in the West as in the East. It repeats the invitation it made officially and by private letter the last year to the officers of all local conferences and the pastors of all churches, to use its columns freely. We solicit notes, comments, reports of ideas, as well as the more tangible but less real things called "work," from these workers in our field. There is a place for the priest in the economy of the world, as the most advanced students of Old Testament history have clearly demonstrated, but there is also a place for the prophet. It is not easy to reconcile these two callings. In the high sense of the word, the recent conference at Unity Church was a priestly rather than a prophetic conference.

The Sunday school meetings, though, showed the hopeful, prophetic element which was still alive just beneath the surface. There new methods, new ideas, and fresh constituencies and expanding fellowships were clearly detected.

As on previous occasions, before the women became too conscious of their femininity, the enthusiasm of the meeting was reached when the women held the floor. The reports of the faithful doing of details in local centers are always encouraging, while Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. Davis, and Mrs. Catlin brought glowing words as well as enkindling presences from the East. The story of the Alliance as told by the secretary, Mrs. Davis, was a contagious one, one in which we delighted, and a part of which we fain would be. But still, while that enthusiasm perpetuates the hurting limitation implied by the words, "Unitarian *and other Liberal Christian Women*," we are glad that some women, for the sake of their sisters who are not "*Liberal Christian Women*," and who do not believe that the word Unitarian should be so limited by the implication, or at least who hold their first love untrammeled to the dream of a co-operation of women with or without names, are willing to bear testimony to the light within them by silently staying without. No more eloquent testimony is offered in this world than that which is offered by the men and women who stand by their convictions in loneliness and in silence.

While we have reported these meetings as they were realized in speech and action, there was that unexpressed factor still active, we believe, under the surface, which will come into expression in due time, and which will still consecrate the Theodore Parker Fund to its original inspiration,—a fund to hold the *outposts* of *religious sympathies*, and to ever advance the line of the broadening fellowship of men; a fund to build churches, justified not upon the degeneracy of other churches, the argument that the world is not moving on, but that sympathy that recognizes the growing fellowship in all churches, the expanding life in all denominations. While in the economy of every so-called orthodox denomination, the "advance men," the living men, are laboring mightily to the reduction of the denominational consciousness and the bisecting and dissecting activities of so-called denominations, it ill becomes the Unitarian to become primarily a sect-maker and a denominational builder. It is a task at which he has ever been uncomfortable, and to which he never will lend his entire energies long at a time. There is a better day coming.

Meanwhile we congratulate those who received cheer at the last meeting and who go forth "to prove their soul." The hospitalities of Unity Church were gracious and abundant, and the fellowship based on old and new acquaintances is the perennial charm of all such gatherings.

With You.

TO MY COMRADES BY "NATURAL SELECTION" WHEREVER FOUND.

I do not long to be the only one
  Above the rest.
I would not climb the narrow ways that run
  O'er mountain crest,

If I must climb alone; nay, let my feet
  Wade through the mire,
If others wade. O let me others meet,
  With others tire.

Or, like them, after laboring find sleep
  In quiet night.
Only in probing to the lower deep
  We find the height.

Let me not drink the magic cup of fame
  If ne'er a sip
Of the sweet nectar you may ever claim
  To wet your lip.

MARIE HARROLD GARRISON.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to all forms of thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

Her Jury.

A Lily rooted in a sacred soil,
Arrayed with those who neither spin nor toil;
Dinah, the preacher, through the purple air,
Forever in her gentle evening prayer,
Shall plead for Her — what ear too deaf to hear? —
As if she spoke to some one very near."

And he of storied Florence, whose great heart
Broke for its human error; wrapped apart,
And scorching in the swift, prophetic flame
Of passion for late holiness; and shame
Than untried glory, grander, gladder, higher, —
Deathless, for Her, he "testifies by fire."

A statue fair and firm on shining feet,
Womanhood's woman, Dorothea sweet
As strength, and strong as tenderness, to make
A "struggle with the dark" for white light's sake,

Immortal stands, unanswered speaks. Shall they,
Of Her great hand the molded, breathing clay,
Her fit, select, and proud survivors be?
Possess the life eternal, and not *she?*

—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

George Eliot's "Middlemarch."

I say again, place your George Eliot on the same shelf with your Goethe and your Shakespeare. That is where her writings belong. None of the work even of Thackeray or Dickens, or Victor Hugo, should be ranked quite on the same level with that of George Eliot. Never mind who or what she was personally. That is as of little consequence as the personality of Shakespeare. You could not get a clew to her real character from her writings. It is human nature itself which she interpreted for us. You would not know, when reading her stories, whether the author had been a man or a woman. It would be impossible for you, from this source, to determine what religious belief she had held, or to what special church she had given allegiance. What you feel everywhere is the profound insight and deep sympathy which she displays in all her work. There seemed to be no prejudices in her mind anywhere.

It is true that the style of her writing is not the same as with Shakespeare. There is not the exquisite finish in the turn of a phrase or the structure of a sentence. But this does not militate against the artistic quality of her work. The novel is something quite different from a poem or a statue. In the novel the characters must talk just as they would talk in real life. You may quote a single line or saying from Shakespeare, and let it stand by itself. But when you select out a thought from George Eliot, then, in order to appreciate it fully, you must connect it with the character who is supposed to have uttered it. You have to interpret it in part by your interpretation of the person who says it.

I want to speak of "Middlemarch" mainly for the sake of commenting upon just one of the thoughts or sayings which I find there. It belongs to my sacred literature. The thought I have in mind was one that fell from the lips of Dorothea. It is her character which gives the grace, the charm, the sweetness, and the dignity to the story of "Middlemarch." The beauty of her personality baffles us. You feel that no picture of the face would of itself be sufficient. You would need to live for a while in such a person's presence, and see the play of moods on the countenance, or have a knowledge of the inside life, in order to appreciate that beauty. It was not something in the eye, in the complexion, or in the lips; not something in the pose of the head or in the graceful carriage as she walked. All that is interesting; yet it was not Dorothea. There is no phrase or sentence that quite describes her. The deeper or stronger the character of man or woman may be, the less is it liable to be understood on first acquaintance. What gives such a character its grandeur is the reserve strength which is there. Such persons might go half-way through life and their reserve strength not be called upon, and you might not be conscious that it was there at all.

But Dorothea, the heroine, had to go through a tragedy. It was not of the kind which we usually associate with murder, or crime, or death. Those are the subjects for the ordinary novelist. But there is another tragedy, as great in its way as death itself. It is the shock which a man or woman experiences, who has been in youth a dreamer or idealist, and later on must come in vivid contact with the real, everyday world. Think of it! This stately, beautiful young woman had formed her dream of the kind of a man she would like to marry, and thought she had found him. And the man had wooed her and won her acceptance. Six weeks after the marriage, we see the young bride, alone in her room by herself, sobbing as if her heart would break. How do you explain it? She had not been ill-treated or neglected by the man who had married her; he had been kind and attentive; he had been just his natural self. But, alas! his natural self did not realize the dream of the young bride. He cared for musty manuscripts and did not share her young enthusiasms. And so there had come to Dorothea the awful shock of reaction. She saw the disappointment she would have to face, and how she would have to face it all her life. She had not realized the truth that there always has to be, as it were, a kind of second marriage within the life of two people joined in that way, after they come to know each other from the real side, and to readjust each the real nature of the one to the real character of the other. Many and many a time that readjustment which is a kind of "second marriage," as I have said, proves far more beautiful and far more ideal in a healthy sense, than the vagaries of dreamland to which all youth has to be given. But Dorothea had not realized anything of this, and she saw only sorrow and despair ahead of her.

It was then or a little later, when she had begun to think, and think hard, that this great thought came to her about which I wish to speak. And it came to her like a gospel of life. Sometimes the philosophy that dawns upon men from unhappy experiences in their own lives, and which finds expression in a single utterance, in an intuition, as it were, — sometimes, as I say, a philosophy of this kind may mean more than a whole system of philosophy worked out by an Immanuel Kant, a Plato, or a Herbert Spencer. Young Ladislaw, one of the characters in the story, was talking with Dorothea, and she remarks: "I have a belief of my own, and it comforts me." "What is that?" asked Ladislaw. And she replies, "That by desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite know what it is, and cannot do what we would, we are part of the divine power against evil — widening the skirts of light and making the struggle with darkness narrower."

There you have a faith to live by and to die by. I would rather have that utterance as it came, in rough, broken language, just as if the thought had occurred to Dorothea for the first time at that moment, than the same thought carved out in the lines of poetry or in the compact systems of philosophy. Such convictions mean more and are worth more. The system of an Immanuel Kant spoke for one mind. But when one of these great elemental intuitions is voiced, then it is as if you had the thinking or experience of all past ages, crystalized into one belief. It had flashed upon Dorothea, just as if no human being had ever thought of it before; and somehow she felt as if she had the whole universe behind her as evidence for it. Put that thought, if you will, over against the same idea voiced in the beautiful lines of the "Rabbi Ben Ezra," by Robert Browning:

"But all, the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account;
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount:

"Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,

Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped."

It is precisely the same point of view which you have there. Browning has said just what was said by Dorothea. The only difference is that the poet has chiseled it out in exquisite rhythm and language. It is carved for us there and presented to us, like the curves of a noble statue in marble. You feel that Browning had thought of that many times, before he had worked it over into that beautiful shape. Yet, for my own part, I like the thought rather in this language of Dorothea. Somehow it appears to carry greater weight for me or to have more evidence in the way she puts it.

I admit that this philosophy may be a dangerous standpoint to adopt. It does sound like mysticism. I am quite well aware that a great many persons have taken that sort of unction to their souls and fancied that having beautiful desires was a substitute for doing something or for real accomplishment. With that sort of view I can, of course, have no sympathy. The moaning, sentimental cry of people who rage because they cannot quite have the conditions in life they want, and so refuse to act all, and fall back upon their great world of feeling, as if that were enough—all this seems like vanity of vanities, and has no philosophy behind it.

And yet from another side there is a sublime truth in that belief of Dorothea. I recall to your mind one of those points made by the New Psychology, when it was said that the will of man exercises its power mainly over his thoughts or over his desires. We can never be absolutely sure, even with the best intentions, or with all the effort we may exert, that the exact aim we are struggling for will be realized. Our part lies in that effort of will. There are times in every man's life when all that he can do is to have the desire, make the effort, exert the will, and then let the consequences take care of themselves. If he has gone that far, he may have done his part.

From one side men talk of the world as if it were made up of atoms and cells. From the other side we talk of it sometimes as if the world were made up of souls or soul-life. Both standpoints may be true, each in its way. But we rest in the conviction, and we act upon it, that there is in the wide universe this sphere of souls,—if you will pardon the mystical language in which I am driven to speak,—and that it devolves upon us to do our part within that separate sphere; to have the true desire, or to exercise the true act of will. And then somehow we believe that that act of will or that desire has been registered and has accomplished something in the spiritual world, even though it may not pass over into the world of atoms and cells.

"Where is the evidence for this?" you ask. I shall have to answer that I do not know, any more than Dorothea or Browning knew when they voiced this sentiment or belief. I am not speaking, as you see, of empty sentiments, vapid desires, huge, meaningless feelings, that take the place of conduct or action. We are talking of that sphere where we have to come to the very limit of anything that we can do, and when, as it were, we must leave the outcome to another Power than ourselves. Dorothea adopted this thought for herself as a kind of gospel of life, and through all her career it undoubtedly stayed by her. There is reason, therefore, for the beautiful words with which George Eliot closes the story in speaking of this woman's character, when it is said: "Her finely touched spirit had still its fine issues, though they were not widely visible. Her full nature, like that river of which Cyrus broke the strength, spent itself in channels which had no great name on the earth. But the effect of her being on those around her was incalculably diffusive; for the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been, is half owing to the number who lived faithful and hidden lives, and rest in unvisited tombs."—FROM AN ADDRESS ON GEORGE ELIOT'S "MIDDLEMARCH," BY W. L. SHELDON.

The hero is not fed on sweets.
Daily his own heart he eats.
—*Emerson.*

On the Outer River.—II.

Growth of Human Kind.

"For now we see through a glass darkly,
But then face to face."

In his epoch-marking book entitled "A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology," Dr. Andrew D. White has graphically depicted the struggle of the human soul in its endeavor to realize the infinite. Historically considered, this great work practically covers the ground, beginning with the earliest known records, extending back several thousand years. From a scientific standpoint—that is, as science is generally understood—it may be accepted as complete and chronologically correct. It shows with startling, if not pathetic, clearness, the childish and absurd views of nature which have been held and enforced by so-called orthodox church authorities up to and including the present highly civilized nineteenth century. A more humiliating disclosure of the errors into which mankind has been driven by faith in the supernatural could never be made.

Neither Dr. White nor any other recognized authority has attempted to go back of known historical records to speculate upon the mental or psychic growth of prehistoric man. Many idle books have been written to prove the existence of the human race before Adam, but as all these are based upon the Chaldean myths expounded in the Book of Genesis, they are of little value. Even a man of such scientific attainments as Professor Winchell of Michigan University destroyed the usefulness of his work on "Preadamites," by drawing his arguments from the same source. And many another well-meaning theologian has struggled hopelessly with the old conundrum, "Where did Cain get his wife?" ignoring the scientific necessity of first proving the existence of Cain. Adam, Cain, and all the other characters in Jewish history, down to the days of the Bedouin Abraham, may safely be considered as allegorical. Hence it will be seen at once that there is a wide distinction between the terms "preadamic" and "prehistoric."

Historical records with anything like a definite chronology do not begin earlier than about 5000 B.C. In 3800 B.C. there ruled over the Accadians in Chaldea, King Sargon I, who founded a great library, showing that there existed at that time an advanced civilization, populous cities, an organized religion, and a knowledge of art and literature. Claims of vast antiquity are made in behalf of other nations, especially Egypt and India, but definite chronological records are lacking. The religious system of India, by teaching the illusory nature of all things and the relative unimportance of the merely personal, discouraged the putting upon record of the achievements of princes, which chronicles in fact constitute about all up to recent times of what we call history. Egyptian chronology is based entirely upon the lists of dynasties made by a priest named Manetho. But while we may not possess historical records dating back more than six or seven thousand years ago, we have plenty of geological evidence to show the existence of mankind nearly a million years longer.

Many scientific essays have been written to prove that man, as a thinker, carved for himself stone weapons of defense in the tertiary geological period. These same geologists, however, are nowadays extremely chary about their chronology, declining to even estimate the number of years ago when the tertiary epoch occurred. Some did try a little figuring at first, taking as a basis such ascertained facts as the present rate of deposition of delta-mud and of the formation of stalactites in caves, and thus easily arriving at a result showing the existence of man at least half a million years ago. But certain rude skeptics came along and claimed that the rate of deposition had varied from time to time, thus depriving the geologists of a much-needed multiple. So, now, the latter are very cunning, declining to be caught in any more traps; and when asked about the teritary period, gently wink one eye, and say, "O, it was a long time ago."

There never was but one man who ever propounded a reasonable estimate, in years, of the geological epochs. James Croll, a Scotchman, gave to the scientific world the now well-known "Croll's Theory." Taking as a basis Leverrier's formula for computing the eccentricity of the earth's orbit, he showed that

at certain tremendous intervals the earth would recede from the sun in winter-time through a long series of years—sufficiently long enough to produce great and lasting changes in the temperature of the earth. One of these great cold periods must have occurred, according to these calculations, about two hundred thousand years ago, another eight hundred and fifty thousand years ago, and still another two million five hundred thousand years ago. The first-mentioned would correspond with the quaternary epoch, the next with the tertiary, and the last with the secondary. Such intrepid scientists as are not afraid of the church's anathema have lent a tacit assent to Croll's astronomical theory, but none of them — poor souls!— have ever dared to question Leverrier's table, and find out whether or not the basis of the whole calculation is correct. Assuming, however, that Croll's lamented memory is safe from future scientific execration, we see that the tertiary epoch ought to have happened nearly a million years ago, and prehistoric man is therefore no "spring chicken."

Through how many a long and weary cycle, laden with a heritage of ignorance and savagery, now struggling for existence against the tempestuous furies of the elements, amid almost perpetual cold, and again battling for supremacy with his aforetime brutal mates, has Man traveled and developed by imperceptible degrees so much of knowledge as comes from experience! It is a dreary picture that is presented to the eye of the mind, and yet it must be inexorably true. Darwin's deductions cannot be resisted or explained away. Our progenitors were hairy, beast-like, and particularly unpleasant creatures, differing only from the anthropomorphic apes in knowing. They knew, first of all, how to manufacture weapons, and their principal occupation for a long time seems to have been fighting. In fact, the habit became so fixed that it has never since been eradicated; we see whole nations engaged in it at the present day. It is born with each birth. There is nothing so blissful in the career of the small boy as to be the spectator of a street fracas, and the newspapers will cheerfully bear witness that a prize-fight excites more general and intense public interest than any other event.

But during these million or more years it is not likely that evolution proceeded at a certain steady pace. Wherever individuals formed themselves into communities there ensued a more rapid growth, due to a sharpening of wits by contact, and to the fact that all were enabled to take advantage of each other's experience. After communities came cities and nations. Do we know where or when? Such definite knowledge is impossible, owing to the transitory nature of all finite things. All matter on earth—in the universe—must be in constant motion and subject to constant change. While we sleep and wake, the great law never stops. Mountain crumbles imperceptibly, yet surely; valley receives new sediment; river runs away; and new springs arise. A human lifetime perceives it not; a century counts but little; yet in the course of ages all is changed. The mountain now is valley, and where the river ran high peaks rear skyward. Where once great nations lived, and cities flourished with all their arts and knowledge and civilized improvements and discoveries, now rolls the deep blue wave of ocean. Yet some survive, to renew their struggle with the wilderness, to forget the lore of their ancestors, to descend perhaps far down the scale, though never quite so low, perhaps, as the lowest previous stage. Elsewhere, everywhere, the same process goes on. Nations, like individuals, are born, and grow from youth to the full strength of manhood, and then decay and die. Evolution thus appears to move in cycles, and history repeats itself.

One of the most difficult problems with which anthropology has to wrestle is the fact that all the evidence of skulls points to the existence of higher types in the more distant past. Even so free a writer as Samuel Laing (Human Origins, p. 373) is perplexed to find that some five hundred thousand years prior to the men of Spy and Neanderthal, the human race had existed in higher physical perfection and nearer to the existing type of modern man. He, in common with other scientists, cannot reconcile this apparent inconsistency. They think the tertiary man of half a million years ago was the first man, and should have evolved upward to the quaternary man of Neanderthal. Again, the trouble lies in their narrow chonology. Begin the human race far back of any present estimate—I will not say how far—and imagine how the cyclic law has borne him on and on, through growth of mind to higher planes of civilized existence, only to be carried downward on the cycle's curve, crushed out by cataclysm, and driven out by gradual displacement of the earth's surface, buried under mountains and the sea, frozen beneath the snows of successive glacial epochs, yet always a few surviving, and thus may be understood why the tertiary man could be a higher type than the later one. And we, again, upon the rising curve of another cycle, surpass in knowledge the ignorant quaternary man of Neanderthal.

GEO. E. WRIGHT.

Optimism.

If there is any one thing that tends to make the world brighter and better, that one thing is optimism. Let Parkhurst and his emulators, who believe that evil can be exterminated by dragging it forth to the light and exhibiting it to the public gaze, at the risk of contaminating purer minds, keep on in their chosen work; let Sam Jones continue to warn his audiences in emphatic and convincing tones that they are traveling the road that "leads to hell"; the optimist will lead more people to heaven than all of these — God bless him!

We meet him occasionally, and we feel instantaneously the fellowship with which he is impregnated. How this sort of person diffuses good-will and brotherly love! It encompasses one like a dense perfume, and envelops one like a mantle. We feel the penetration of his personality with the warm, hearty hand-clasp he bestows, and it invigorates the system like wine.

Always looking for the good in the world, the optimist finds it (for people generally do find what they look for), and he himself is happier than could be the case were he employed in overturning stones to seek for vermin beneath. He sees all the good there is in you, and is oblivious of your foibles. He loves you because you are *you*, but more especially because you are a fellow-creature. Recognizing his own frailties, he does n't demand perfection. He does not condone faults, he simply ignores them; and were he desirous of working some reformation in you, in no surer way could he accomplish it. His brotherly interest and sympathy inspire in you an ambition to come up to the standard of which you feel sure he would approve; or at least to be as good as he seems to believe you are.

He may never have distinguished himself, owing to lack of opportunities, but he makes others happier and more at peace with themselves because of his tenderness and good-will. Those who occasionally catch glimpses of the inner man may guess at ambitions crushed and obstacles unsurmounted. At times the eyes betray restlessness, unsatisfied longings, the aspirations of the lofty soul. But the heroism, the bravery of the invincible spirit that takes life as it comes, and makes the best of it as it is, not once succumbing to that destroyer of happiness, cynicism, though commendable in the extreme, is apt to be overlooked, for he inflicts his disappointment on no one.

How gladly you turn from the pessimist, who finds no good in anything, not even in himself; who sees nothing to live for and very little to die for, to the genial, optimistic individual, who is in touch with humanity in general, and, whilst in your company, with you in particular! He makes you feel as if melancholy has no business in the world. He also knows your needs, and that lectures and criticisms will do you less good than sympathetic interest and encouragement.

In one sense the man of this type is a leader; for, in deeming the world a very good place, despite the vicissitudes of life, his spirit of optimism is imbibed by the persons with whom he comes in contact, and looking through the same "rose-colored glasses," they conclude that after all life is worth living.

CAMP DOUGLAS, WIS. ELLA MARTIN.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.
—*Goldsmith.*

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid.

Religious Reconstruction.

I.

R. A. WHITE.

Said an eminent American not many years since: "If the American people are ever driven away from the church and from faith in the Christian religion, it will be the fault of the *Church* and the *Pulpit*. Which seems to mean that if faith fails, it will be the fault of a bad administration of Christian truth. However invulnerable and efficient a truth may be, its temporary value is imparted to it largely by the systems or the men who teach it. If the systems or the men be narrow, the broadest truth suffers a corresponding contortion. The imperfect teacher imparts something of his own imperfection to every truth he teaches. A mirror that is concave reflects nothing as it really is. Believing is more natural than disbelieving. No man is a sceptic by choice. Present truth properly, and if it be a truth of value, it will have believers enough. People believe in electricity and chemical force. They will as readily believe in religious truth if, due allowance being made for the different nature of the truths, it is as well demonstrated and is made to appear as consistent, reasonable and valuable.

RECONSTRUCTION NECESSARY.

It is evident that there is a special need for a special handling of the Christian religion at the present time. To say that religious thought is passing through a crisis, and that faith is being severely tried, is to say what nearly everybody has already said. And probably the reason why nearly everybody has said it, is because it is so obtrusively true. Present belief is caught in the swirl of two opposing methods of thought: the one religious and conservative, resting for its verification chiefly on what has been; the other scientific and progressive, verifying itself in what at present is. The former builds its philosophy of things from the ground of a revelation, the latter from observation and experience, or from constant revelations. They even proceed from different methods of logic. The one by deductive, the other by inductive processes. Until within the present century the religious method of thought had pretty much its own way. All philosophical systems, of physical as well as of moral and spiritual things, proceeded upon its assumptions. The entire world of thought hardened along its lines, with only the least bit of mental flexibility here and there at the edges. Scientific investigation brought a new idea of things and developed a philosophy which has forced a readjustment of old views. Theology among the rest was summoned before the bar of the new thought and asked to give an account of itself. Its present confusion shows that the examination did not result satisfactorily to it in all respects. On the other hand, the scientific philosophy, as broad as it pretended to be, made no satisfactory provision for the most persistent element in human nature. The deep religious instincts of people thrive badly upon the dry husks of scientific deductions. Cosmic changes and doctrines of the unknowable were appetizing enough for the head, but the religious sentiments starved on them. At this point the new philosophy of things was itself brought into judgment. So religious belief wanders confusedly between the two, and finds perfect rest in neither the old or the new.

At bottom, however varied its specific manifestations, present religious controversy and confusion resolves itself in the last analysis into the struggle between two vitally different methods of thought.

Each from its standpoint has a vital truth. Each has something to give the other. As yet, however, the point of perfect reconciliation has not been found. That their truths are parallels is not yet generally accepted. Attempts at readjustment go on. The present is therefore engaged chiefly in tearing down. The proper and sufficient constructive thought is still wanting. A blustering rationalism goes about something after the manner of the hero of a certain Irish fair, indiscriminatingly hitting every religious doctrine of the past, and chiefly, it would seem, because it is of the past. It is not without uses, perhaps. "I do not believe" is often the pioneer of "I believe." Still it scarcely possesses the needed genius of constructiveness.

The so-called conservative thought, on the other hand, is not necessarily constructive, nor has it yet shown itself to be so. Any fair definition of constructiveness will include the idea of growth. A constructiveness that is truly constructive involves the element of progress. To stand with controversial hammer and trowel in hand, patching up and defending the tottering walls of time-worn dogmas, is not a constructive work.

So in a real mental crisis the religious thought of the great masses of the people has nothing to protect it from the inroads of unbelief. If it flies to the baser rationalism, it finds nothing but the fragments of demolished doctrines. If to conservatism, the staid and patched walls of an effete theology. A constructive rationalism, or a really constructive conservatism, is the good fortune of the few. Neither has as yet made its way to the masses.

SOCIAL CHANGES.

Far-reaching changes in social conditions have tended to increase rather than to diminish the confusion of religious thought, and besides adding new complications to church work, throws many and serious obstacles in the way of a living and pervasive faith. The interests of the material world exclude considerations of the deeper and more permanent elements of human life. Stocks and bonds, or poverty and social oppressions, pretty nearly fill the visual angle of the mind of all classes. The things of faith have the little end of the mental telescope turned upon them, and at best seem far away and a little unreal. Men have come to believe the salvation of the world is in the din of wheels, and arbitration boards. Righteousness is no longer the cultivation of the Christian graces, but the endowment of a college or the establishment of a charity. Confusion in doctrine breeds wholesale disbelief, material interests have led to a deep and prevalent religious indifference, and indifference is the first shock in the final paralysis of belief. The question is becoming serious, "How can the church, without doing injustice to any really fundamental truth of religion, adjust itself to this condition of things, and retain those in the Christian faith who still have it, and reclaim those to it who have abandoned it?" The final cure for all this is to be found only in the adjustment of the two radically different methods of thought, and in a deeper interpretation of the meaning and value of life. This will be the slow work of years. The immediate opportunity for the church and the pulpit are nearer the surface, I fancy, than the deeper causes of unbelief and indifference would seem to indicate. No doubt the matter appears differently to different minds, and no two would suggest precisely the same remedies. Each must answer from his outlook.

PROVIDENCE AND LAW.—First, the idea of God and a Divine Providence must somehow be made to harmonize with the scientific doctrine of law. The old conception of supernaturalism thrust God back into the past. Attention centered not upon what God is *now* doing, but upon what he did at a special time and for a special people. Religious thought has approached the future backward, its face turned to the receding years. That was bad enough for a living faith, but the doctrine of law promises worse things. The old idea at least gave God an honorable place in the past. The doctrine of law threatens his expulsion from the universe. Law has become the magic word of the century. It is made to answer *every* question as to how things came to be. Where the past said "God," the present says "Law." Every phase of religious thought and life is being affected by this growing idea. The Jew found his explanation of everything that happened in his national experience in the single word, Jehovah. The tendency of modern thought is to supplant the Hebrew interpretation by reference to natural laws, broken or obeyed. The miraculous in the New Testament is challenged by this same ubiquitous doctrine of universal law, and the Bible is

losing, in the public estimation, its supernatural elements before the march of this same idea. Law is encroaching upon what has heretofore been the undisputed domain of the supernatural. Nor does worship itself escape the palsy of this new touch. Prayers grow attenuated in a world beset and interlaced by immutable law. Men start upon a great venture with an invocation to law oftener than to God. Success is governed by law, and no longer by Providence. Fra Angelico, before beginning a painting, bowed himself in awful prayer. What he then painted he would not change. It was of God, and therefore the best. The modern artist takes a stroll through the art museum and reads a book on technique. It is scarcely an exaggeration that no one of the many causes of modern unbelief is more pervasive than this. Modern thought pours this idea through every vein of the religious life, and a stethoscopic examination shows that the poison has reached the heart of faith and devotion. It beats slower than it was wont. In the main, the scientific spirit treats the God idea languidly, to say the least. It is much as if one should say, to use Emerson's expressive phrase, "Poor God, with nobody to help him!" Even the most common minds have gotten the idea that God and law are somehow antagonistic terms, and faith in the former is with them being shaken by a dim belief in the latter.

God in Law.—There is every evidence that the doctrine of universal law has come to stay. It has facts back of it. That ecclesiastical council that some time since voted evolution untrue, only repeated the ludicrousness of that ancient pope who issued a bull against a comet. And at heart the doctrine of law has valuable truth. The idea will do permanent harm only if the church and the pulpit have no real and modifying truth to set over against it in such a way that the idea of God and the idea of law may be seen to run together. God must be conceived of as *in* law implicated in its every process, yet without doing injustice either to the personality of the one or the reality of the other. Is such a conception reasonable? It might with more reason be asked: "What other conception is reasonable?" An intelligible law without an intelligible lawgiver is as much an anomaly to right thinking as an orderly world without law. Law explains nothing as to the first cause of things. It is a method of manifestation or orderly procedure, and even when implicating, as it usually does in common usage, the forces thus manifested and acting, carries in fact only the dignity of a second cause. Evolution, which is the comprehensive law, is impotent at the very point where the mind most persists in being enlightened. It really looks as though the evolutionary philosophy would be obliged to summon the idea of God, or find itself somewhat in the predicament of the ancient conception that the earth was carried on the back of an elephant, which did very well till it was discovered that the elephant had nothing to stand on. Its conclusions begin to look a little large for its major premise. It claims more than its own logic is able to substantiate. Already there is a tendency for science to redefine its own terms, and it has suddenly dawned upon many minds "that," as Mrs. Ward says in Robert Elsmere, "Herbert Spencer has not said the last thing on all things in heaven and earth." The mystery of the first cause remains untouched, and is as clamorous for an answer as ever. Science has never said a better thing about the origin of things than Moses said long ago: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." Many of the foremost thinkers are reaffirming the central idea of the first chapter of the first book of the Old Testament. The doctrine of evolution already foreshadows a consistent doctrine of final causes, and final causes implicate by the inexorable logic of mind the idea of an intelligent first cause. Men like Fiske, Abbot, and Le Conte are making an unexpected use of scientific teachings, and are rebuilding the temple of Theism upon the very premises which threatened to make Theism an impossibility. "The everlasting source of phenomena," says Fiske, "is none other than the infinite power that makes for righteousness." Let church and pulpit take science at its latest word. The time was never more auspicious for Christianity to proclaim a Theistic doctrine of law than now, and strengthen its own position by the very facts which, to many, seemed to promise its destruction. The very necessity under which Christian thought finds itself, of finding some counter-truth to the doctrine of law, should be also its opportunity to base its doctrine of divine providence upon that which even the severest science will not question,—divine providence in and through law, and not erratically independent of it.

The Rational Miracle.—The truth of the divine personality in law being established, every germane thing in discussion falls into place. If the universe is pervaded by a divine personality, even the scientist must allow it as much latitude with law as is allowed every intelligent being on earth. The unchangeable and immutable law proves not so unchangeable or immutable after all, when personality is introduced; or if immutable, everywhere possesses the capability of suspension. Man, from the beginning of his conscious life, has been setting one law over against another, or carrying laws to broader applications. The balloon rises, not by breaking the law of gravitation, but in spite of it. The patient takes a pill and recovers, though by every known law of health he should have died. The simple laws of vision caught from the lenses of the eye have been extended in the telescope. The doctrine of the supremacy of law has been over-worked. Lay the hand of personality upon it, and it serves as well as rules. Surely, it would be common courtesy to accord the Creator the privilege with law which each of us exercises each time we climb a flight of stairs. Once admitted, and only an extreme boldness will dogmatically draw the line of limit to its exercise. Here is a field for the wildest revels of the lover of the marvelous, and the stickler for law has nothing to complain of. Even the miracle of the loaves and fishes may be looked upon with complacency, and the marvel at Cana falls into a realm of possible law. The idea is abroad that the marvelous can be poduced only through the wrecks of established order, and that the miraculous must border on the magical to be worth anything as a matter of proof. If the man of olden time who lighted his house with a tallow candle were present when a modern man touched a button on the wall and set his house ablaze with burning wires, I doubt if he would think the marvel on the mountain-side, when the hungry were fed, any more marvelous than the marvel before him. And so an introduction to the higher mystery of personality and law might transfer the seemingly impossible over into the realm of the possible and the reasonable. The man who lighted his house so suddenly was not to blame that the visitor reported a law-breaking miracle. In a world shot through and through with complicated laws and undiscovered forces, as is ours, the greatest opportunity for the marvelous is ever within the realm of the reasonable and the useful. And it might be noticed that many of the miracles of the New Testament were characterized by an element of utility, which raises a presumption that they may have a reasonable explanation. That conception of divinity which sees him gathering up the complicated and infinite forces of mind and matter, combining, extending, and directing them to exalted ends, is a more sublime conception, and will ever attract a more reverent belief, than that of a divinity who hews his way to a purpose through the chaos of dismembered law, as the man who has gathered up the wasting forces of Niagara and converted them into industrial forces, will have an attractiveness for the best minds over that of the man who went over them in a tub. Here is both a need and an opportunity. The thought of nature "may be, and if it may be, it must be," so penetrated by the thought of God, that every reverent mind will imitate the reverence of Kepler, who, when he had discovered the laws of planetary motions, bowed his head, saying in awe-struck tones, "O God, I think Thy thoughts after Thee."

Duty.

'T is not enough to vaunt of good,
To pray it be the Master's plan
That all His children should be fed.
We need to live true brotherhood,
To love and cheer our fellow-man,
If we would follow where He led.

Emma Playter Seabury.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Learn how to meet all fortune, good or ill, in such a way as to make life nobler, purer, sweeter, and more divine.

MON.—All worthy literature is the record of the struggle of the mind after truth.

TUES.—Being, not possessing, is the important thing.

WED.—The experiences which come to us have meanings far beyond our ken.

THURS.—The omnipotence of the heart!—it is the divine spark within us which no experience can quench.

FRI.—If there is no deep grief, neither is there any deep joy.

SAT.—The quick, appreciative response to another's longing, another's reaching out for help, is a God-like thing.

—*F. A. Hinckley.*

Au Revoir.

"Do n't say dood-by,"
The wee boy said;
Then heaved a sigh,
And drooped his head.

'T was sweetly said.
"O, tell me why,
Dear little Ned,"
I gladly cry.

"*Do* tell me why
It grieves you so;
Then nevermore
I 'll say good-by."

"*Do n't say dood-by,*
Not, nebbermore."
The rogue now laughs,
"Say O-re-baugh."

ELVIRA FLOYD FROEMEKE.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

Sign-Language.

Every school-child knows how to communicate with his neighbor without using the lips. If he wants a knife he whittles one finger with another; if a rubber, he rubs with an imaginary one; if he has none to give he opens wide his hands and shakes his head. The language which the deaf-mute talks by nature is of the same kind, varied and elaborated by that necessity which gives him no better way of talking. Alphabets have been made for the deaf, and many have learned to converse quite readily by finger-letters; but this speech is much assisted and shortened by signs for full acts or thoughts.

The deaf also learn to follow the lips of those who talk, and some learn to make articulate sounds — to speak. Their speech is harsh and labored, and painful to hear, yet the power to speak at all must be of great service when in contact with the great world of speaking people. Nothing can compete in rapidity and convenience when deaf-mutes talk together with the gesture language which they devise and adopt for themselves.

It has been shown that the gesture-language is not only natural to the deaf, but that it is equally so to mankind. Two savages that cannot exchange a word will yet exchange thoughts quite freely, and the deaf-mute standing by, though unacquainted with either, will readily comprehend their meaning. The savage will much rather talk with you directly, by signs, than through the circuitous method of the interpreter. A native of Hawaii, taken to a deaf-and-dumb school, began at once to talk to the children by signs, and to tell of his voyage and his home. A deaf-mute, taken to see some Laplanders, wrote afterwards "when she knew that we were deaf and dumb, then she spoke to us about reindeers and elks, and smiled at us much, although she had frowned before."

The signs in use become very many — in the Berlin Institution about 500 are in principal use, and mention is made of as many as 5,000. Nearly all have a natural outgrowth from the thing or act represented. It is remarkable how quick a company, say of deaf-and-dumb children, will detect the peculiarities of a new thing, animal, or person, and how this peculiarity becomes crystallized into the name which, by common consent, they give to the novelty. Should a new teacher, on the first day of his intercourse with his pupils, make some unusual motion of his hand towards or about his face, he will ever after be known in that school by the sign of that motion.

So of a thing, the essential quality is noted, and is recalled by the sign.

In the Berlin Institution, the simple Lutheran service — a prayer, the gospel for the day, and a sermon — is acted every Sunday morning in the gesture language for the children in the school, and the deaf-and-dumb inhabitants of the city, and it is a remarkable sight. No one could see the parable of the man who left the ninety and nine sheep in the wilderness and went after that which was lost, or of the woman who lost one piece of silver, performed in expressive pantomime, by a master of the art, without acknowledging that for telling a simple story, and making simple comments on it, spoken language stands far behind acting. The spoken narrative must lose the sudden anxiety of the shepherd when he counts his flock and finds a sheep wanting, his hurried penning up the rest, his running up hill and down dale, and spying backwards and forwards, his face lighting up when he catches sight of the missing sheep in the distance, his carrying it home in his arms, hugging it as he goes. We hear these stories read as though they were lists of generations of antediluvian patriarchs.

—*S. H. Peabody in The Scholar.*

The House-mother's Prayer.

In a little old book of daily readings, "Bogatzky's Golden Treasury," I have read to-day, for the twenty-fourth year, a delightfully simple and helpful prayer. Long ago it was copied upon a card and placed in a corner of the glass upon my bureau, and many times I have copied it for my friends, especially for busy mothers, that they also might be helped by its practical thought. I have often intended to send it to some widely circulated paper, that its sphere of usefulness might be broadened; and now without further delay I send it to you, knowing of the desire to place before your readers all things that shall be helpfully stimulating:

"Lord, preserve me calm in my spirit,
Gentle in my commands,
And watchful that I speak not unadvisedly with my lips.
Moderate in my purposes,
Yielding in my temper,
And at the same time steadfast in my principles. Amen."

—*Congregationalist.*

How Birds Talk.

Birds have no difficulty in making themselves understood, with a variety of calls, to their young and to each other. We do not notice much variation in the chirping calls of the English sparrows; but probably our talk is equally monotonous to them. No one could accuse the English sparrow of want of sagacity. Nor are they so intrusive a bird as is commonly supposed. At the country place from which the "Listener" writes there are no English sparrows nearer than the outskirts of the village, at a distance of half a mile. This spring, however, the "Listener" noticed a pair of them, male and female, inspecting the premises, and in particular studying the accommodations, from the English sparrow point of view, of a certain shed and henhouse. Evidently they did not consider the quarters eligible, for they have never since been seen around the place, nor any other of their species. After a good look around, they left the premises to the possession of chipping-sparrows, orioles, robins, red-eyed vireos, and other native Americans. A single male English sparrow was seen last summer on the shores of a lake near by; but he was evidently a wanderer, for none have been seen there since. The neighborhood abounds in chippers.—*Boston Transcript.*

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The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion"

Chicago.—Ryder Memorial Church is becoming recognized as a center of liberal thought in Woodlawn and its vicinity. No philosophy is too deep, no theory too radical, to be denied admission there for utterance and discussion; yet the true mission of the church—the development of the spiritual, bearing fruit in Christian thought and Christian life—is never forgotten. The Searchlight Club, launched into existence two years ago, has introduced to the neighborhood many phases of religious, philosophical, and scientific thought, and has brought to the church parlors every fortnight Presbyterians, Baptists, Christian Scientists, Theosophists, and Spiritualists, as well as Universalists.

The last lecture to which the members listened at the close of April was on "Socialism," by a deep student and clear exponent of that system, Mr. Thomas J. Morgan. A free discussion follows every address, and was on this occasion more than usually animated.

The next lecture, which closes the course for this season, is on the doctrine of "Reincarnation." Classes for study of the Vedanta philosophy have also been held in the church, conducted last year by the Brahmacharin Brodhablukshu, and at present being led by the Swani Abhayananda, a French lady, who has adopted it as her faith and is devoting her life to its propagation.

The Ladies' Aid Society is broad in its aims, though the usual necessity exists for the preparation of suppers and luncheons, in bringing out the housewifely talents of the Marthas, that is not allowed to absorb the whole energy of the women, nor is there any dish of "gossip" amongst the palatable ones provided.

Short papers on various topics furnish subjects of conversation at the weekly meetings, and parliamentary drill is a regular feature. Of the philanthropic work of the church there is too much to say to be included in this brief report. * * *

All Souls Church.—No more tender or more beautiful event occurs in the calendar of this church than the annual banquet and reunion of the Confirmation Class Alumni, the one just held being the eighth. Eleven classes now belong to the association. These classes represent a maximum of 153 members, 149 of which are still living. These children have come in so quietly year by year that those most intimately connected with the church were startled by the exhibit which came through the historian of the alumni, which said that 9 of the number are married, 4 within the last year; 17 are in business in the city of Chicago; 4 are in Los Angeles, Cal., 1 in Cleveland, 2 in Cedar Rapids, 1 in Kansas, 1 in Ohio, 1 in Omaha, 1 in Hartley, Ia., 1 in Des Moines, 1 in Germany, 1 in Montreal, 1 in North Dakota, 1 in Brattleboro, Vt. Twenty-three are living home lives in Chicago; among them are 4 lawyers, 1 librarian, 1 electrical engineer, 1 is a nurse, 1 is at sea, 1 is an elocutionist, 1 studying in Cook County Normal, 2 studying to enter Armour Institute, 4 in Armour Institute, 2 studying law, 21 in high-school, 5 in the University of Chicago, 5 at colleges away from home, 1 in Kenwood Institute, 15 in the grammar schools. The historian concluded with a tender word for the two who have departed during the year, one, Mrs. J. M. Ware, a member of the class of '89, who took the course with her boys; and Harry Woolley, the son of Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Woolley, who, just on the entrance of manhood, wilted and left us, "the quiet student with high ambitions and modest pretensions, whose courtesy and gentleness drew all hearts to him."

It is the custom of the alumni to invite one or more neighboring ministers among their guests of the evening. This year it was Rev. L. A. Crandall, pastor of the Memorial Baptist Church, the near neighbor of All Souls. Mr. Crandall's presence was a delight to the children as to the pastor of the church, and his words of welcome advice were cordial. Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Lord and Miss McCain of St. Paul were present, and Mr. Lord made fitting and tender remarks. After a supper of which about a hundred partook, the following programme represents the intellectual and spiritual side of the feast:

PROGRAMME.

i. President's Address, Adelaide L. Scobey, '94
ii. Class Song of '90, "Class Comrades."
iii. Secretary's Report, - Mabel Wheeler, '93
iv. Welcome to Class of '97, - Susie Brown, '97
v. Response, - - - Anna Johnson, '93
"Be ashamed to die before you have won
Some victory for humanity."—Horace Mann.
vi. What the Confirmation Class has done for its members, - - Lillie Pfeifer, '96
vii. Our Guests, - - Mrs. F. De V. Miller, '94
viii. Response, - - - -
H. S. Hyman (of the Board of Trustees)
ix. Class Song of '91, - - -
"To Thee, O Truth and Right."
x. Recitation, "Each in His Own Tongue,"
Mrs. Ida Serven, '94
xi. All Souls Church to One Away From Home,
Willard Gore, '87
xii. Recitation, "Flo's Letter," - -
Retta Storrs, '97
xiii. "Musical Tea"—A duet. - -
Grace Sheldon, '94, May Archer, '92
xiv. Confirmation Class, Alumni History, -
Gertrude Longenecker, '88
xv. Address, - - Rev. L. A. Crandall
Pastor, Memorial Baptist Church.
Address by Rev. W. R. Lord of St. Paul.
xvi. Our pastor, - - Jenkin Loyd Jones
xvii. Our Chorus of Faith, - - -
Response by the Alumni
xviii. "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."
Benediction.

Corn for India.—The cry of the starving millions of India has been vocalized in Chicago with effect this last week. A meeting of no less than three thousand people was gathered in the Auditorium, with C. C. Bonney in the chair. This meeting was a part of the series of such meetings arranged for in Illinois by the management of the *Christian Herald*. The leading speaker was Mr. Talmage. One of the speakers was a lady who had spent many years in India, and spoke whereof she knew. Dr. Henson and the editor of this paper also spoke. Last Sunday evening a meeting in the interest of the same cause was held in Dr. Brushingham's church on the West Side (Methodist), and Dr Craven of Evanston, a missionary of twenty-five years, Mr. Jones and Mr. Gregory, pastor of the Universalist Church, spoke. Both meetings illustrated how the cry of suffering humanity runs below theological differences and overreaches sectarian prejudices.

You think it is because your child is "growing too fast" that he fails to put on flesh. More often it is due to a gradual and general weakening of all the forces of the body. The child may have no pain, may have a fair appetite and yet lose flesh. Perhaps the happiest effects of Scott's Emulsion are in such cases as these. It gives the body a fat which is easily taken up; alters unhealthy action and supplies the best blood-making food known to medical science.

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Books Received.

The Pauline Benediction.—Three sermons preached in the chapel of Manchester College, Oxford. By James Drummond, M.A., LL.D. Philip Green, Essig St., Strand, London, W. C.

The House of Dreams.—Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.25.

Old and New.

Spending the winter as invalids at Aiken, S. C., the Hon. Thurlow Weed and Mr. Thomas C. Acton whiled away one Sabbath afternoon by attending a negro church. When they entered the primitive temple, the preacher, who was a pure African, was grappling, with all the fervor of his race, with the old, old subject of the fall of man. Sketching that day in the Garden, with its terrible results, he excoriated Adam in this fashion: "Now, brederen, when de Lord calls Adam to 'count, did he stan' up like a man, confess his sin, and ask forgiveness? He did n't do nuffin ob de sort, brederen, but he say, 'Lord, de woman dat Dou gubest me gub me for to eat.'" Pausing a moment, he repeated, "'De woman dat *Dou* gubest me gub me for to eat.'" Then again, "'De woman dat DOU gubest me gub me for to eat.' Dar, brederen, you see dat mean, skulkin' Adam was a-tryin' to sneak out of it by frowin' all de blame on de Lord hisself!"—*Presbyterian.*

A skeptical young collegian confronted an old Quaker with the statement that he did not believe in the Bible. Said the Quaker:

"Does thee believe in France?"

"Yes; though I have not seen it I have seen others who have; besides, there is plenty of proof that such a country does exist."

"Then thee will not believe anything thee or others have not seen?"

"No; to be sure I won't."

"Did thee ever see thy own brains?"

"No."

"Ever see anybody that did?"

"No."

"Does thee believe thee has any?"

The New Wave.

Physical Culture, Pure Food, and Drink Marks a New Era.

A great popular pure drink and pure food wave is just now passing over the country, and it seems to have come to stay.

More attention is being given to articles of food and drink than heretofore, and people are slowly learning that good health cannot be preserved under the present civilization unless the habits are of a more natural character. The apparently harmless coffee habit now numbers its victims by the thousands, producing obstinate stomach and bowel troubles that will not abate except by leaving off the habit.

It is not always an easy task to drop a lifetime habit.

One of the late discoveries is a pure-food coffee, made entirely of grains, and possessing great fattening and nourishing properties, while it brews the exact deep seal-brown color of Mocha, and when cream is added, it takes the rich golden brown of old Java. The taste is pungent and piquant, quite similar to coffee; in fact, so close to it in aroma and flavor that the coffee-drinker, who has had trouble with coffee, will freely take on the new grain drink when he discovers that it agrees with him perfectly, and its healthful properties quickly dismiss his former ails.

The great feature of this new and rational method of dismissing sickness, is to avoid drugging oneself and quit hurtful habits, taking in only what is known to be pure natural food, such as the Creator intended for man's subsistence.

Nothing is more to the point than this new food-drink made from grains. It bears the name of "Postum Cereal," and is made by the Postum Cereal Co., Lim., Battle Creek, Mich.

It claims to be a direct and quick producer of new blood corpuscles by the natural method of good, nourishing food taken in a liquid form. It is quite a bit less expensive than coffee, and altogether its use appeals to one's common sense.

Beware of the fraudulent imitations of the original Postum Cereal Food Coffee. Insist on Postum.

Serve Postum hot, make it black and rich, adding pure cream, if you wish to enjoy this palatable beverage.

Sharp Chinaman to a lady at Sabbath school: "Why do-ee Christians talk-ee about Jesus on Sundays, and not-ee bne tim-ee on other days?" —*Sunday School Helper.*

The witty George Canning, illustrating the Hibernian tendency, when excited, to hurry beyond the limits of goods sense, tells this anecdote: "An Irish divine, preaching against the vice of swearing, and denouncing its prevalence in a certain town, said, in the height of declamation: 'Even the little children, that can neither speak nor walk, run about the streets blaspheming.'"—*Exchange.*

A WITNESS IN A SPRING SUIT.—Lawyer (to timid young woman): "Have you ever appeared as witness in a suit before?" Young Woman (blushing): "Y-yes, sir, of course." Lawyer: "Please state to the jury just what suit it was." Young Woman (with more confidence): "It was nun's veiling, shirred down the front, and trimmed with a lovely blué, with a hat to match." Judge (rapping violently): "Order in the court."—*The Watchman.*

Remenyi tells this story about Liszt: When he was seven years old he had already played, like a grown-up master, Bach's preludes and fugues. One day his father, Adam Liszt, who was a good all-round musician, came home unexpectedly, and heard little Liszt playing one of Bach's four-part fugues; but the fugue was written in another key than the one in which little Liszt was then playing. The father was appalled. He knew too well that his son had no intention whatever of transposing the intensely polyphonic four-part fugue. He knew that it was being done unconsciously. He asked the boy why he did not play it in the right key. The little fellow was astonished, and asked if the fugue was not written in the key he was playing it in. No; it was written in E-flat, and not in G. The musician knows well what it means to transpose a complicated piece to another key; but for a seven-year-old boy to transpose a four-part fugue of Bach to a key a third below!"—*Musical Record.*

Keeping a Record.

In the life of Pastor Herder, whose flock were wood-carvers and chamois-hunters in the high Alps, we are told of a singular system of religious festivals which he invented.

Each of his people kept a record of the great crises in his own life, the days when God had most blessed him, and celebrated them as holidays in the original sense of the word—that is as holy days.

All his neighbors observed them with him. Thus one day little presents of milk or flowers were sent to Father Sigel, because on that day five years ago he recovered from a stroke of apoplexy. The next day everyone would shake hands with Fritz Hemel, because it was the anniversary of his rescue when the avalanche swep him away. The man whose fete-day it was laid flowers upon the altar, and praised God for all the mercies bestowed on him.

So it came to pass at last that almost every day in the year was a thanksgiving, in which these poor people recognized God's hand leading them tenderly through their hard, bare lives.

"I believe," says an eminent Christian philanthropist, "that one of God's messengers, a power sent by him, has been always present with me to guide my way. But there have been times when he has come so close to turn me away from evil, or to bless me, that I could almost feel his touch. Shall I not keep those days holy, and tell my children of them?"

Jacob in his journeyings set up an altar to God when any special happiness came to him, upon the spot where he had been blessed.—*Christian Age.*

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Englishman—I would n't want to hear more than the first line of "The Star-Spangled Banner" to know that it was written by an American.

American—Why so?

Englishman—The first two words tell me that.—*Musical Record.*

The *Illustrated American* tells of the unfortunate experience of Mrs. Bancroft, the wife of the historian, when attending an afternoon musicale in London. On the way she was attracted by a display of shawls in a Regent street window, and, stopping the cab, went into the shop and bought one, throwing it over her shoulders to wear to the social gathering. The astonished guests at the musicale were edified by the sight of Mrs. Bancroft floating through the drawing-rooms with a placard on her back bearing the words: "Very cheap."

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Do not use any letter more times than it appears in the word. Use no language except English. Words spelled alike, but with different meaning, can be used but once. Use any dictionary. Pronouns, nouns, verbs, adverbs, prefixes, suffixes, adjectives, proper nouns, allowed. Anything that is a legitimate word will be allowed. Work it out in this manner: E, Eat, Eats, Nat, Nut, Nuts, Net, Nets, Tat, Sat, Set, Hat, Hats, etc. Use these words in your list. Words must be spoken—not made-up words.

The publishers of WOMAN'S WORLD AND JENNESS MILLER MONTHLY will give to the person who makes the largest list of words from the letters in ENTHUSIASTIC a Wing Upright Rosewood Piano, value $700.00; to the second largest a set of Century Dictionary, value $130.00; to the next four, $100.00 Bicycles (your choice of either ladies' or gentlemen's); one set of Standard Dictionary, value $26.00, to the seventh; Webster's International Dictionary for the eighth, and 300 Cash Prizes to the next 300 largest lists, and 400 Dress Patterns to the 400 next largest, and 167 Cameras to the next 167 largest, and 126 Cash Prizes of $2.00 each to the next 125 largest lists—in all **1,000 PRIZES.**

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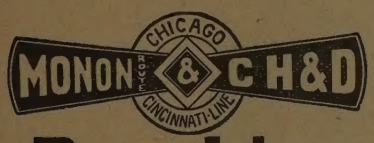

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"WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD."

A CHORUS OF FAITH

AS HEARD IN THE

PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS

HELD IN

CHICAGO, SEPT. 10 TO 27, 1893.

A Book of Selections Giving Points of Harmony Between the Representatives of the Various Religions,

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

This compilation contains one hundred and sixty-seven extracts, from one hundred and fifteen different authors, all of them taken from the utterances of the main Parliament. Handsomely bound in full silk cloth, gilt top and sides. Price (post-paid), $1.25.

A FEW PRESS NOTICES.

A CHORUS OF FAITHS.—This little book is a compilation, but one in which so much discrimination is evidenced, and so many side-lights are thrown on the main question, that it is an inspiration from beginning to end. It is, as the compiler says, a book "with a purpose," and a most worthy one—that of establishing a recognition of the unity of all religions. It is a gathering up of the fragments that were left, after the great Parliament of Religions, the crowning event of the centuries, which took place in connection with the World's Fair in Chicago. "Not revolution, but evolution," is the hopeful possibility from Mr. Jones's point of view. He says:

Existing churches will remain, but their emphasis will be changed more and more from dogma to creed, from profession to practice. From out their creed-bound walls will come an ever-increasing throng, upon whose brows will rest the radiance of the sunrise; whose hearts will glow with the fervid heat of the Orient, intensified with the scientific convictions of the Occident. These people will demand a church that will be as inclusive in its spirit as the Parliament. The Parliament will teach people that there is a universal religion. This must have its teachers, and it will have its churches. This universal religion is not made of the shreds and tatters of other religions. It is not a patchwork of pieces cut out of other faiths, but it is founded on those things which all religions hold in common, the hunger of the heart for comradeship, the thirst of the mind for truth, the passion of the soul for usefulness. In morality the voices of the prophets blend, and the chorus is to become audible throughout the world. In ethics all religions meet. Gentleness is everywhere and always a gospel. Character is always revelation. All writings that make for it are scripture.

Thus in this "Chorus of Faiths" we have a new scripture. What more helpful in the building of character than a record of the noble sayings at that first meeting of the fraternity of religions? Into the world's magnificent thought-treasury is now poured the very cream of religious utterance, which, notwithstanding different races, colors, costumes, characteristics, education, languages, still insists that the one law is love, the one service loving. All light comes from one source. All rays converge to one center. The one center is found at the Parliament, and that center is photographed, as it were, in the "Chorus of Faiths."

From first to last Mr. Jones has dwelt upon statements that stand for unity, has chosen those eloquent and heartfelt representative addresses that most clearly demonstrate the feeling of brotherhood. Even in the arrangement and classification of topics he has shown a rare discriminative faculty, and a loving desire to hold up the finely woven and most perfect pattern of human ideals. After the purposeful introduction, and the words of greeting given by different delegates from home and foreign lands, we find the record proceeding under such significant headings as "Harmony of the Prophets," "Holy Bibles," "Unity in Ethics," "Brotherhood," "The Soul," "The Thought of God," "The Crowning Day," "Farewell," and "Appendix." Under each of these topics is grouped the corresponding views of the different religions, and the thread of unity is most vividly maintained and easily discerned. In the grand "Chorus" there is no discord. Every voice strikes the keynote, and an outburst of harmony is the result.

To the one who thinks, speaks, and lives for Unity, this task of bringing out the unity of revelation, of purpose, of aspiration, of faith, of accomplishment, has evidently been but a delightful privilege, which may be appreciated, if not shared, by those who read the book. As a literary production the "Chorus of Faiths" is a clean-cut cameo profile of the Parliament of Religions.

In conclusion, in the words of a thoughtful and earnest woman: "The keynote of the Parliament in Chicago was the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man. We predict that the keynote of the next Parliament will be the Motherhood of God and the Womanhood of man."—HELEN VAN-ANDERSON, *in the Arena.*

A CHORUS OF FAITH.—The Parliament of Religions in Chicago marked an epoch in the world's religious thought. It was a convention in which men of every creed and race met in amity and charity to compare their deepest and most sacred thoughts. Matters of difference were not made prominent. The real kernel of religion was sought far beneath the burrs and husks that have too often and too long been the only vision of the initiated and hostile.

The record of the great convocation is a surprise to its most ardent friends. Words that were said by Buddhist might have been transposed into the mouth of the Romanist, while the Greek Church found its utmost essence not differing from the highest thought of its arch-enemy under the Crescent. Through all the discourses ran a harmony of thought promising a new day in religions when men shall cease to wrangle over their differences and shall magnify their points of likeness and endeavor to get closer together.

It was necessary that a compiler in touch with those present and in love with the subject should put the thought of this great assembly into popular form. Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, whose heart is in deepest sympathy with the broadest religious thought, and who, as secretary of the general committee, furnished much of the motive force of the movement, made a careful study of the entire work of the Parliament and has admirably succeeded in the task of popularizing its proceedings.

It is much more than the work of any one man, however eminent in the field of religion, and Mr. Jones can well claim great success in compilation. It gives the best thought of the best minds in the world to-day.—*Ansonia Sentinel, Ansonia, Conn.*

"A Chorus of Faith" might well be styled an echo of the Parliament of Religions, held in Chicago, September 10 to 27, 1893. In the pleasing form in which the volume has been compiled, the echo should reverberate through all time to come. The introduction is from the pen of the well-known Jenkin Lloyd Jones, while numerous poems of great beauty and worth from the pens of our greatest poets enliven the pages of the volume and give to the extracts from the numerous essays read before the Religious Parliament a touch of poetry which goes far toward enhancing the interest of the work, however valuable in themselves the abstracts and fragments of religious essays may be. The laymen, as well as theologists will find much in the "Chorus of Faith" to interest them. The religious broadness of the volume is best illustrated by an extract from the remarks of Rev. Joseph Cook, in which he said: "A religion of delight in God, not merely as Saviour, but as Lord also, is scientifically known to be a necessity to the peace of the soul, whether we call God by this name or the other, whether we speak of him in the dialect of this or that of the four continents, or this or that of the ten thousand isles of the sea."—*Current Topics.*

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YOU WILL REALIZE THAT "THEY LIVE WELL WHO LIVE CLEANLY," IF YOU USE

SAPOLIO

Why So Many Die of Consumption.

(Extracts from Dr. Hunter's Book on Weak Lungs, continued from last week's issue.)

Death by consumption is a fearful ordeal for the stoutest heart to contemplate. The consuming fever, the sense of impending suffocation, the night sweats, which exhaust the strength, the harassing cough, which robs of rest, with a constant dread of fatal hemorrhage, are miseries which none can contemplate with fortitude.

A disease attended with so much suffering ought never to be neglected. Even the slightest threatening of its approach demands the best attention and highest skill of medical science.

I have shown by the successful issue of numerous cases that every form of lung disease is curable by local treatment applied by inhalation. But even this, to succeed, must be rightly administered—the remedies inhaled must be appropriate to the stage and form of the disease and applied before mortal changes have taken place in the lungs.

No other fact of medical science has been more clearly proved than the curability of consumption, even in advanced stages, by antiseptic air inhalations. The best and highest minds of the medical profession admit the curability of the disease to be established beyond question.

Then why is it so generally fatal? A curable disease ought to be cured if the means employed by the physician were adequate to that end. That there are no cures under the usual treatment is a fact which none will dispute. I have never seen or heard of one well-defined case of consumption cured by taking medicine by the stomach. Therefore, that kind of treatment is no remedy for the disease.

The leading writers and teachers of medicine throughout the world admit in their published works that the lungs cannot be cured by the usual means employed by physicians. Sir James Clark says: "Their total inefficacy is sufficient incitement to us to seek for some other means of remedying the evil."

Prof. Hughes Bennett of the Edinburgh College: "No remedy can be depended on in consumption. If nature's process could be discovered and followed, we might hope to reach the true principles of cure."

Prof. Austin Flint of the Bellevue College: "Tubercular disease cannot be removed by any known remedy or remedies, but a remedy or remedies may be discovered."

Dr. Alfred Loomis: "The prognosis of Tubercular Consumption is always unfavorable. It generally terminates fatally in five or six months. In Catarrhal Phthisis in the first stages it is possible for recovery to take place in about one-third of the cases. What he calls Catarrhal Phthisis is only a bronchial catarrh of the lungs, and not true consumption, and yet two-thirds of them die of it, even if treated in the first stages, and all, if the disease has gained any considerable hold on the lungs."

Sir Alexander Crichton says: "That consumption cannot be aided by medicines which act through the stomach, the whole history of our art proves to us." Then why, since all medical authorities and every physician know that the lungs cannot be cured through the stomach, is that treatment prescribed for every case, and depended on to cure it?

It seems to me a cruel deception in a question of life or death to the afflicted. This is painfully illustrated to me nearly every day. A person takes a cold, which settles on the lungs, they place themselves under the usual routine of cough mixtures, tonics and cod liver oil. In time they are so reduced in flesh and strength that the doctor advises them to go to Colorado, Florida, or California, saying all they needed was a change of air. From first to last he denies that their lungs are affected, but says that they might become so if they remained in this climate. They go to Colorado, Florida, etc., and return in five or six months, only to die.

Is this cruel mockery which robs the afflicted of every chance of life never to cease? What right has a physician, knowing that the lungs can't be healed through the stomach, to hold out to patients the least hope of cure by such treatment?

The treatment by inhalation by us is the only means by which the lungs can be reached at all. What every lung case requires for its cure is local treatment, and inhalation is the means by which local treatment must be applied.

Edwin W. Hunter, M. D.,

34 and 36 Washington St., Chicago.

NOTE.—Free copies of Dr. Hunter's book can be obtained by all readers who are anxious about their lungs, by addressing him as above.